By Woodbridge N. Ferris.

cooks on the second of the sec clothing and shelter without the aid of brains. They have not been even moderately successful. Here and there a man has awakened to the realization that knowing how to do things and get things is an element of tremendous power. If it is worth while to live at all, it is worth while to live well, to live nobly, to live happily. Man is something more than a bundle of instincts and impulses. He has intelli-

gence; he has the capacity to think. Most men do not use this capacity. They trust to luck, they pin their faith to the magic of a rabbit's foot, a horse chestnut or some other charm and turn their "think tank" into cold storage room. Reader, what are you doing? Have you ever taken an inventory of your own brain resources, have you ever taken an inventory of the resources of this great round world? Or, have you been taking a long

Rip Van Winkle sleep? The call for brains, enriched brains, educated brains, has gone out through the world, in this, the beginning of the greatest century. Do you want wealth, do you want position, do you want power? If you have brains, two seeing eyes, two hearing ears, and two willing hands you can have what you want. Behold, the world's natural resources! These are your natural resources, your raw materials lying about loose in the earth. They are so much junk,-worthless until transformed by the creative hand of intelligence

Not one man in a thousand ever discovers the riches buried in his own brains. Confidentially, most people have brains, but they are not using them. They have left their own brain farms and gone out into the highways and byways, slaves to the intelligence of those whom they call bosses, the few own-

On every cross road, on every street, throngs of youth cry out that opportunity is for the sons and daughters of the rich. They recount to every passerby their disadvantages. How frequently the rich man tries to awaken his son by saying to him: "If I had only had your advantages what wouldn't I have accomplished as a young man!" This is an error. With his son's unearned spending money, with his son's fine clothes, with his son's spendthrift associates, he, too, would have been a cipher, a nothing.

Young man, young woman, this is the hour when the great, busy, hustling world calls for brains, educated brains, self-directing brains. The school-house calls to you and offers you the key to the world's great treasure house. Every robust boy and girl who hungers and thirsts for knowledge and power can hear the call. All the great institutions of learning are taxed beyond their capacity. In every human vocation the call rings out for men and women

whose brains and hands are trained for service. Wake up, fathers and mothers; wake up, young men and young women, and use your own brains. Quit working on shares, and work for yourself. You are never too old to do something, and be something. Work your own Klondike, count one in this century of brains. The flower and fruit of every age is man, master of his own mental resources; man, master of the world's resources; man, realizing all of his possibilities; man, fulfilling his divine

Acquiring of Clear Speech By John D. Barry.



OW how are people to break themselves of faulty enunciation? Simply by taking time. In this country we are encouraged to do things in a hurry. To be busy, that is, to be rushed, has been so long an ideal with us that even if we really aren't busy we have acquired the habit of doing things in a busy way-that is, a hurried way. We attend to triffes hurriedly. We even speak hurriedly when we have plenty of time. Moreover, it is so credible in the general estimation to seem busy that many people with plenty of leisure

pretend to be busy and dishonestly say they are busy, and act as if they were busy, and talk with the breathless hurry of people rushed to death. It is very curious, this ideal of seeming to be rushed as if it were a good in itself and not a misfortune, a state to be guarded against, both for one's own comfort and for the ake of not annoying people about us. Repose, quiet, poise, the easy balance of one's mental and physical qualities, must be recognized as an ideal before, as a people, we can learn to arrange what is going on in our minds and to express it in clear speech. So if we decide to try to speak well, we must accept this ideal and relax from the tension with which most of us hold ourselves. When we express ourselves we shall then express, not a hurried or an harassed being, but a nature calm and rational. Instantly many of our faults of diction will straighten themselves out, and we shall find our task of clear-speaking astonishingly lightened.—Harper's Bazar.

Clean Handling of Milk and **Vegetables**

Epidemics of Typhoid Fever and Other Diseases Often Due to Lack of Cleanliness.

Commenter By Dr. W. T. Sedgwick. UCH is said and written nowadays concerning dirty mlik. and any one who is familiar with the primitive methods of keeping and milking cows, especially in some stables, does not need to be told that milk is likely to be seriously polluted with dirt. More than one pamphlet has been issued by the United States department of agriculture and by the state experimental stations drawing attention to this fact, and to the need of greater cleanliness in the milk industry. The writer is constantly urging upon city consumers of milk

ould not only demand purer and cleaner milk, but also that they that should be ready to pay for such milk a higher price , since great pains and expense are required to put the milk industry where it belongs, on a higher plane of care and cleanliness.

Many epidemics of typhoid fever and other infectious or contagious diseases have in recent years been traced to milk, polluted by dirty milkmen, auffering with one of these diseases, or by dirty water used in washing palls, cans or other appliances.

All fruits and vegetables, even upon the farm, should be carefully washed when practicable before they are put upon the table; or if, like strawberries, they are subject to damage by washing, they should be carefully mulched with clean straw, or otherwise protected from dirt above or below them as they grow, and then handled only with clean hands,-Youth's Companion,

No Cut Rates,

present legislature is honest?"

"yes. sir!" replied the lobbyist; Miss Caustique—Oh, well, you know strictly one price."—Catholic Standil was a charity ball.—Syracuse Her-

"You don't mean to tell me," de Miss Smithson—At the ball last manded the plain citizen, "that the night Mr. Highflier danced four times with Miss Oldgirl.

COME HOME!

home, come home; and where is home for me, ship is driving o'er the trackless sea? I rail bark here plunging on its way, wid waters shall I turn and say, are my home?

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew, Familiar things so old my heart believed them true; These far, far back, behind me lie; before The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar, And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam, No word of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar, There may indeed, or may be not, a shore Where fields as green and hands and hearts as true The old forgotten semblance may renew. And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea foam Another home.

But toll and pain must wear out many a day, And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away, Ere, if at all, the weary traveler hear. With accents, whispered in his way-worn ear, A voice he dares to listen to, say "Come to thy true home!"

tome home, come home: And where a home hath he vhose ship is driving o'er the driving sea? hrough clouds that mutter and o'er waves that roar, ay, shall we find, or shall we not, a shore that is, as is not ship or ocean foam, Indeed our home?

-Arthur Hugh Clough,

Bridget's Broth.

By MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS. =

the doctor had paid an early visit to mighty nurse, down she came, and his patient, Mrs. Appleton, feaving instructions with her faithwul attendant, Bridget.

"She is past the danger line now Biddy, so feed her up; we must make her take nourishment whether she cares for it or not."

"What will I be giving her, doctor she jist ates like a bird at the best of times?"

"Try a good, strong, lamb broth and given her two raw eggs per day; now feed her up, and we will soon have her out again."

"Indade, and I will, doctor; it do seem as if the whole house was gone with her so still."

"Well, Biddy, it all depends on you now, if you do not feed her well, I shall have to send in one of my trained nurses, and you know how much you like them, eh, Biddy?"
The doctor closed the front door

softly, and went out laughing. Biddy was a good friend of his, but he loved to tease her a bit.

As he got into his carriage, he re-called with much amusement Biddy's indignation some two years since, when Mrs. Appleton was stricken suddenly with an acute attack, and he had installed a trained nurse.

Now, there are trained nurses and trained nurses, as every one knows. The dear, gentle, faithful souls, who get into our hearts as well as our homes

Biddy could never forget that experience. The first act of the nurse was to forbid Bridget to enter the room. The patient, although speechless and suffering, longed for her ever devoted helper, and Biddy was heart

This time, with young Harold away at school and Bridget the sole comforter of his widowed mother, Bridget was to reign supreme.

Why not, pray? Had she not lived with the dear lady in her father's poor dear, and the doctor, too, indishome from the time Miss Bessie first criminate like." entered a kindergarten, and then did she not prepare the new home for the Who but Biddy knew the agony of those dreary days of early widowhood, and who could read the face so dear to her as the one who knew her best?

It was a sweet, old story of mistress and maid, and the doctor well knew how dependent his frail patient was upon the greathearfed Irish woman, who had no other home and cared for none.

When the doctor's carriage was out of sight, Biddy crept softly up stairs to find her charge resting with closed eyes. "Dear heart of her," said Biddy softly," she do be making the sign of the cross with her white hands, and it's the best broth in the town I'll be making for her."

Down stairs went Biddy, and soon she was telephoning for supplies.

That duty over, she went into her well-ordered kitchen, and, while making necessary preparations for the broth, talked as was her custom, to herself. "The doctor was laughing, he was, but praise be the saints, there will be no more sticking of that nasty little theomometer in her mouth, and no more messes for her to eat, and she that dainty. I do be coaxing her all the while. Oh, but the airs of her made me so angri that I was doing penance for it. 'Bridget,' sez she: -I want some steak for my breakfast, at 8 o'clock,' sez she, 'and do you be cutting it an inch thick, and don't put it on the broiler until I give the word, for I must have it smoking hot.'

"Another time she came down, and sez she:-'Bridget, I don't like your omlettes, or the way you cook eggs,' sez she; 'I will have to show you how was taught in the diet kitchen of the hospital.'
"'All right, mum,' sez I; 'my cook-

ing pleases the one who pays me for jured, have you b it, and that is the chief concern of thing but dishea?" Bridget O'Connor.'

"Oh, the way she would come down ordering me around, was chough to put me in a fever. I do pride meseif that my range and my kitchen is phlogistine and hot water bags. she at neat as any in the city, and it's the sprang from her bed and crept intodear doctor, himself, who has said so the hall.

It was 9 o'clock in the morning, and | many's the time; but the high and sez:-'Bridget, you do need some lessons in sanitary science, indeed you

"'In what, Miss?' sez I. "Which was wicked of me, for the blessed missus had told me all about it, and was very particular herself; why not, when she is a director of a cooking school, but I was stupid on purpose, heaven forgive me!

" Sanitary or domestic science,' sez she, in her proud way, wid the head of her up in the air.

"'And what is it like, miss?' sez I, 'do you boil it, or cook it in the oven? We never eat fried meats here.

'Bless me,' sez she, 'what dense ignorance one finds even in good families. You see, Bridget,' she went on, Mrs. Appleton is never very strong, and you should know what to do for

"'Yes, miss,' sez I, 'seeing that I have done for her since she put on short frocks, mebbe I might learn, if she asks it.'

"Well, that woman turned our house upside down, and she kept me that worried that I lost ten pounds of flesh, which I might well spare, but I lost my sleep, which was worse.

"At last she went. The doctor needed her somewhere else; and I clapped the two hands of me 'till they ached, when she went out of the door, and the dear missus, she said 'Amen' as hearty as the Methody man who lives next door.

"That's why there is no trained nurse this time. A good, strong broth is it; well, the dear lady shall have it as quick as I can make it, for this morning, when she said to the doctor: 'Let no one take care of me but Biddy, doctor, for she knows just what to

do,' I was happy.
"'All right,' sez the doctor, and I was that proud I wanted to hug my

All day Biddy trotted back and forth wearing her felt slippers, and the invalid was happy, knowing how pleased her kind servitor was.

Down in the kitchen the "strong broth" was being made, not according to any formula of the hospital diet kitchen, but as Biddy pleased, and her mistress liked to have it done.

At last it was ready, and Biddy prepared a tray on which she placed two rackers, a pretty china bowl, a few flowers in a tiny vase, and some glossy damask napkins, Love had taught Biddy some things

which were beyond the ken of many blessed with a more liberal education, She knew that the best dish in the world would never tempt Mrs. Bessie unless it was served in a dainty manner. She had learned, also, never to cook the rice in the broth, but to add it after it was thoroughly cooked. The broth was skimmed and seasoned, and Bridget surveyed her work with great satisfaction. But fate, the rascal, was on the alert to disturb Biddy's confidence.

Just as Biddy mounted the stairs, the front door bell rang sharply, and a sudden movement caused one of the felt slippers to slip on the smooth, waxed floor, and away went Biddy, tray, broth, flowers, dishes and all, clattering down to the room below. Even one lamp chimney or one small plate can make not only a terrible noise, but with fiendish glee they are capable of producing endless bits and pleces, to aggravate the unfortunate victim of the break.

The patient nearly sprang from her bed, as the crash was heard. The silence at last became unbearable, and she called in anxious tones: "Oh, Biddy, are you hurt?" No answer.

"Bridget, do tell me, are you injured, have you broken a leg or any-

Still stience down below. It was too much for poor Mrs. Ap-

The sight which met her eyes to gazed over the bantsters into the is

room, was ludicrous beyond wone The newel post was decorated we a napkin, from which dripped a she stream of broth, the floor was spatered with rice, far too most for a bridal party; and bits of china was to be seen here and there.

In the middle of an oriental rug at Biddy bolt upright, rubbing her eye with a fat, broth-bathed hand.

She had not heard her mistress; and was simuly dazed by the accident on the likes of it," she murmured, by to herself: "and the poor dear needing nourishment."

A voice from above Interrupted has Bridget, tell me at once, have you broken any bones; if you do not tall me I shall come down.'

Looking up, Biddy saw the while face of her patient, and in an instant she forgot herself and her keen diappointment, and before there was time to remonstrate, Mrs. Appleton was hurried into bed and nearly smothered with blankets.

"Oh, my dear, my por dear," all Biddy, "it's getting a death cold your be, and all for that old bell ringing" "I'm all right now, Biddy; and you must excuse me for laughing, but you did look so droll sitting there

and-" "Shure I was that mad," said Big. dy, "I lost me voice, and me breaking that pretty bowl you brought from France; and the strong broth wasted

and me a sight to behold." Then both mistress and maid began to laugh, and the merry laughter increased the circulation, which was the very thing the doctor wanted to do. and Bridget was happy when she remembered that more strong broth could be had in her kitchen, and no

one was hurt. Many times during the day Mrs. appleton found herself laughing over the mishap as she thought of Biddy's picture on the oriental rug.

"What a snap shot Harold would have made of it," she said to herself, and then she laughed again. The next morning, the doctor found his patient much better, and the tem-

perature nearly normal. "Biddy," he said, "did you make the strong broth?"

"Indeed and I did, doctor."
"And did Mrs. Appleton relish it."
"Very much," said that lady, ast then began to laugh again. The dotor insisted on hearing the story, and

he, too, laughed merrily with them. As he said good morning, he could not refrain from teasing his frient Bridget, and remarked with a twinkle in his handsome eyes: "Biddy, the mext time I order strong broth just make it strong enough to get over the

stairs." Mrs. Appleton recovered rapidly, and insists upon it that a "merry heat doeth good like medicine."—From the Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Art Superior to Losses.

"Say," ejaculated the regular racegoer, "it's great to be one of these artistic chaps. I took one of that breed down to Gravesend with me last Saturday and just before the rain came along to put a crimp in things I put a swell bet down on a good thing, and I told my friend he'd better get aboard. He did and then the rain hit my good thing and he wasn't anywhere. And while I was sitting swearing at the skate my friend broke in on

me with this line of talk:
"'Did you ever see anything like the green in that grass? Look at the color in those trees over there. Why. that's a regular Inness. And look how those white fences show up against all these low tones. By Jove, but that's beautiful. It was worth coming to see. Now I know why Dee gar found inspiration at a racetrack

"Then he stopped talking his art language and went to eyeing the rain again. Say, it must be great to see things that make you forget losing twenty-five. That's what I let him in for. And say, I didn't think to ask him, who did Deegar train for any how?"-New York Press.

Turned Down.

Gobsa Golde spoke anxiously.
"I understand," he said, "that my name was brought up last evening at the Knickerbocker club.

"Yes, that is true," said L'Olgnon, "And would you mind telling mo er-what action was taken in the mat-

"Not at all. The secretary was in structed to purchase six quarts of blackballs for the use of the mean bers."-New York Press.

Awakened Memories.

Mr. Younghusband (reading from paper)—Married—Bianche de Smythe to Walter Wellington Beere. old memories that name awakens! Mrs. V. (blushing)-I never image

fined you knew of my engagement to Walter. Mr. V. (chillingly)-I was ailudian

to Blanche-Tit-Bits.

She-Do you think dyeing the har injures the brain?

He-Any one who dyes her he hasn't any brain to injure. Synche